

Arizona Republican Editorial Page

The Arizona Republican
Published by
ARIZONA PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The Only Paper in Arizona Published Every Day in the Year. Only Morning Paper in Phoenix.

Dwight R. Heard.....President and Manager
Charles A. Stauffer.....Business Manager
Earl W. Cate.....Assistant Business Manager
J. W. Spear.....Editor
Ira H. S. Huggett.....City Editor

Exclusive Morning Associated Press Dispatches.
Office, Corner Second and Adams Streets.

Entered at the Postoffice at Phoenix, Arizona, as Mail Matter of the Second Class.

Address all communications to THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN, Phoenix, Arizona.

TELEPHONES:
Business Office.....422
City Editor.....433

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Daily, one month, in advance.....\$.75
Daily, three months, in advance.....2.00
Daily, six months, in advance.....4.00
Daily, one year, in advance.....8.00
Sundays only, by mail.....2.50

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1913

Looks as if ever' thing in the world comes right if we jes' wait long enough.
—Mrs. Wiggs.

A Run On the Bank

The Water Users' Association has directed attention to the extravagance of many of the farmers of the valley in the use of water. It is said by those who ought to know that there is more water used to the acre in this valley than in any other irrigated country in the world. It is observed, too, that the worst, the least successful farmers use the most water, and we are told by successful farmers that more crops are shortened by excessive irrigation than by a lack of water.

That was finely illustrated in the cotton plant exhibit at the late midsummer fair. Side by side were cotton stalks from different fields, one, rank and apparently thrifty but woody, bearing few bolls. The other was less rank but laden with bolls. Cotton is not raised for wood but for lint. The former was the result of over-irrigation. The latter was the result of intelligent, just-enough irrigation.

It is so with all other crops raised in the valley. While some of them require more water than others, it is easily possible to give all of them too much water and many farmers do this every year. This is a foolish waste of water.

Then, there is a criminal waste of water. One may travel from Phoenix in any direction and he will soon come to a stretch of road which has been made impassable by flooding. We have seen water pouring in a torrent into the road from an over flowing ditch which was laden with a greater head of water than it could carry and much greater than was needed. It was not cared for and the road for a quarter of a mile was converted into a canal and became a quagmire for days.

So long as water is available, the reckless water user cannot be prevented from using too much of it for his own good but by vigilance on the part of the authorities he can be prevented from wasting it on the public highway. Whenever a road is flooded, somebody is guilty of the crime of negligence and waste. In every case, the authorities should endeavor to fix the blame and arrest the offender. The magistrate before whom he is brought should impose a fine heavy enough to be permanently impressive.

Since water began to be stored in the Roosevelt dam there has been at all times more than enough for all lands under the project; that is, all lands in cultivation, though there are more acres now signed up than were originally contemplated. The matter of delimiting the acreage has been considered and undoubtedly, that will some time be done. The acreage to be excluded would be much smaller if all the water users would use only as much water as is actually needed and as much as can be used to the best advantage.

It may not be apprehended that there will ever be a serious shortage of stored water, yet, if there should be a couple of successive seasons without nearly the normal snowfall or rainfall on the watershed and the present waste of water should be continued, we would be face to face with a perplexing situation.

The Roosevelt dam has been described by the reclamation officials as a "water bank" whose contents are more precious than gold. The water now in that dam is worth more than all the money stored in all the banks of Arizona. That priceless treasure belongs to the water users. It is theirs to draw upon. What would we say of the bank depositor who would needlessly draw upon his account and scatter his money to the winds? The reckless water user is worse. He squanders the water belonging to his neighbor as well as that belonging to him.

We are told that the sum of \$38,000 was needed and spent last year in making changes in the capital building. The capital building itself, to which we point with pride as a monument to territorial honesty, economy and efficiency, the best public building in the United States for the money, cost less than four times the sum expended last year in making those changes which consisted for the most part of the erection of numerous thin, temporary partitions. The old capital commission should have been revived to undertake that work.

The defense was unwise to put Defendant Diggs on the stand. While he placed the blame for his misconduct upon his paramour, he corroborated in its entirety, the government's testimony against him. He also placed himself in a peculiarly despicable light before the jury.

Harry K. Thaw may be a prohibited, "undesirable" citizen in Canada but he would be very desirable in New York at the present time.

Mr. Castro seems to have found Venezuela unripe for rebellion. That's strange, too, seeing that it is a Latin-American republic where revolutions are supposed to be perennial.

The Use of Cement

The newspapers of this city have been advocating the encouragement of the Arizona Portland Cement company by the builders of this valley. The advantage of creating an extensive domestic industry has been pointed out; the creation of a larger payroll which will invite other payrolls, the making of Phoenix an industrial center as well as an agricultural center.

There are many reasons why the local cement plant should be encouraged. One of them is this: if it is not encouraged it will likely be acquired by one of the outside companies and moved away so as permanently to eliminate local competition in this field which is now one of the most promising in the country for the manufacturers of cement. If we should lose this plant it is absolutely certain that no attempt would ever be made to revive the cement manufacturing industry in this locality.

There will be much cement used in this valley in the years to come. It will be used not only for building purposes but also on the canals and laterals and ditches. It will be found desirable to prevent the loss of water by seepage and to prevent the growth of noxious weeds and grasses along the banks of the ditches. It will be found to be economical as well as beautifying, removing the necessity for the frequent cleaning of ditches.

If the farmers have to depend upon imported cement, with the high freight rates on it, for the treatment of the canals and ditches, it will be a long time before they will be treated. But with cement at reasonable prices, such as the local plant, enlarged by encouragement could turn out, the farmers could afford the use of it.

This is only one of many reasons why Phoenix and the Salt River valley should exclusively use local cement which has been shown to be as good, at least as any other.

The senate foreign relations committee yesterday very properly postponed the endorsement of the administration's Mexican policy. Some weeks ago the president stated that his policy with respect to Mexico would be formulated and announced later. There has been no announcement so that it may be presumed that there is no policy yet to be endorsed. The committee might, however, have manifested its entire confidence in the administration by endorsing any Mexican policy that might hereafter be adopted.

"After Huerta, what?" anxiously inquires our contemporary, the Nashville Tennessean. Why borrow trouble? We have Huerta yet and isn't he enough at a time?

"Woman Aviator Flirts With Death," says a head line. There are worse things a woman can flirt with, Diggs and Caminetti, for instance.

Special Envoy Lind and President Huerta are moving in a mysterious way their wondrous to perform.

On with the Moki snake dance; let the rattlers be unconfined.

This is the genial old summer time and we're proud of it.

THE CALL OF THE LAKES

(Ed Barendse in the Minnesota Mesquit)
The lakes are calling me today. I have been listening, listening all afternoon, and it's almost maddening.

I can see old Superior's cool, blue bosom, bathed in glorious sunlight this afternoon. A sweet, fresh wind is sweeping from the west and it blows the smoke from the stack of my "Dream Ship" far, far out astern.

My hands just ache to feel the touch of the old wheel turning and fighting in my fists. I want to feel one of those big 600-foot freighters respond to my gentle touch as I guide it straight for the snow white lighthouse beyond the horizon that commands the entrance to dear old Whitefish Bay.

I want to stand at the wheel again, to feel the soft purr and throb of mighty engines, to see the white clad steward moving about the galley, to hear the sound of the ship's bell as it sleepily strikes the midwatch hour, and to hear realistic fashion.

The low, soft, "light bells and all's well" I want to feel the hot sun burning my face and hands, and to feel the sting of wind driven rain against my face.

And at night in one of those majestic thunder storms—to see the storm clouds silhouetted against a fiery, lightning illuminated sky.

To stand on the bridge enveloped in inky darkness and suddenly to see the ship, the sea and the sky bathed in flame! Oh, how often, on nights like this, when the lightning flashed, have I seen the form of mighty waves, rolling onward to meet the ship, and then to feel the heavy thud, the crash of the wall of water and spray when they met!

The dear old moon, in all its golden beauty, calls for me to come and watch it climb up out of the sea—like it did in days of yore.

And the stars—ah, those silent sentinels that watch over the rolling cemetery of thousands of the forgotten dead—my friends, how I long to be with you!

Oh, if I could only stand there in the stern once more, leaning over the rail with my pipe, and follow the trail of the liquid gold with dreamy musings. To watch the wave crests as they reflect each dancing moonbeam—to gaze away on every side, and there behold the tranquil silence of those infinite and abounding solitudes!

THE OLD POETS

There is much worth in Edgar Poe,
But all the expert critics say
His poems run too much to woe;
He couldn't sell his stuff today.

While Dante in his time was good
At triole or roundelay,
He sometimes wrote in sombre mood;
He couldn't sell his stuff today.

And so it goes with Pope and Kidd
And Addison and Keats and Gray,
'Tis well they flourished when they did;
They couldn't sell their stuff today.

HE BRINGETH LOW AND LIFTETH UP

The Lord Killeth and maketh alive; he bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; he bringeth low, and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar.—I Sam. ii, 6 to 8.

MISS HELEN GOUDY, FAMOUS AMERICAN BEAUTY, TO MARRY A BRITISH SOLDIER



Miss Helen Goudy.

Miss Helen Goudy, who is considered one of the great beauties of America, has been won by a British soldier—Gerard Leigh of England's crack regiment, the 1st Life Guards. Her mother is the present Mrs. Reginald Halsey.

Advertising

By HOWARD L. RANN

Advertising is a recipe for planting one dollar top of column next to pure reading and having two dollars handed back in change. It is the only form of notoriety paying a dividend which doesn't have to be explained to the wife of the advertiser. There are two kinds of advertising—continuous and jump. The continuous advertiser is one who never has to carry the 1913 models of spring suits into the 1914 clearance sales and unload them at the price of the buttons and lining. The only objection to this form of advertising is that it makes it necessary to hire more clerks and engage more floor space. The jump spark advertiser is one who jumps in at Easter and Christmas time and makes a drag which lasts him the rest of the year. This has a tendency to keep down the pay roll and prevent anybody on the addressed pay roll from overworking. If more people would advertise by fits and starts, there would be more newspapers offered in even exchange for an equity in a second hand graphophone. Advertising in both morning and evening editions is the best tonic for a business that is suffering from general debility of the cash book. Nothing will put new life and hope into the day's receipts quicker than a half-page advertisement crowded full of red bargains and 24-point figures. Advertising that is not timely and truthful is about as effective as a sacrifice bunt with three men on bases. The merchant who thinks he can slip over a pennure skirt made prior to the Ashmolea disaster by marking it down to \$1.98 will keep it in stock until people buy fur coats and fleeced-lined underwear in August. Circular advertising is an expensive substitute for printer's ink which gets as far as the front porch and then dies a natural death. It is better than no advertising at all, however, and may lead to a resolve to try the real article.

AGE AS AGAINST YEARS

(St. Louis Dispatch)
On his 75th anniversary, feeling fine and active, John Wamamaker said:

"There are compensations for a long life. It is possible to fill up one's life so that the years upon your brow and the feelings in your heart are not on speaking terms."

That is commonplace enough in that it has been often said. But it is a great truth and worth repeating.

One of the triumphs of the last half century has been the gradual conquering of age. Despite the tendency of rush and hurry, it is still true that men are no longer old at the age which was held to be old half a century ago.

The thing which makes age deplorable is the lack of human interest. A man's years mean nothing so long as he is still vitally concerned in life, interested in the day's work, in the common problem of humanity, and participates mentally at least in the movements of his time.

The man whose mind and heart do not share in the common inheritances of humanity is old at any age, for he is not living.

To bring to old age the vital enthusiasm of youth, mellowed and glorified and substantiated by the experience of years, and subdued but not chastened or defeated by the wisdom and patience and tolerance of calmer days, is to know the best of life, a vigor that is not volatile, and a serenity that is not dull.

Transparent Clothes

By WALT MASON

Great Scott and great Caesar! An old-fashioned geezer is shocked by your feminine clothes, with skirts that are suited to show off silk knitted hose, karters, and fixings like those! A small piece of satin you can't wrap a cat in will make a grown woman a gown; five ounces of shoddy will fog out a body, and then she goes prancing through town! The short-waisted fatty, the girl tall and slatty, the maiden as thin as a rasp, go by in their hobbles till man's reason wobbles, and old timers sit up and gasp. If this be the fashion dressmakers should cash in, but that they'll object to, alas! They won't be contented till they have invented a woman's regalia of glass. Do dressmakers' patrons ever think of the matrons of old, bless their various names, their stately way going in drapery flowing, those queenly and dignified dames? Oh maiden! Oh, widder! Just pause and consider your fashion, contrasted with their! Then, Marys and Bessies, put on modest dresses, and throw your fierce rags down the stairs!

YES!

(Milwaukee Journal)

Barber—"Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum!"

Victim (in chair)—"Who's Jim?"

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been broodin' over the hard times, an' I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a great deal, too. No money in this business now."

"What's the reason?"

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo it doesn't pay to shave or hair cut. Poor Jim, I caught him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?"

"Yes!"

A CHECK

drawn on this bank is a great advantage in settling bills as they are presented to you for payment. The canceled checks which are returned to you by the bank with the endorsement of the person to whom they were issued are indisputable receipts of payment. Moreover, by filling out the stubs in your check book you can preserve an accurate record of your complete financial transactions. We receive small as well as large accounts.

The Phoenix National Bank

Phoenix National Bank Building

Safety for Valuables

Modern vaults. Rents nominal where safety is considered.

THE VALLEY BANK of Phoenix, Arizona

Home Builders 6% Gold Notes

pay the highest rate of interest on short term investment. Can be cashed at any time and you receive 6 per cent interest if allowed to remain 3 months or longer.

Backed by assets of over \$350,000.

Home Builders

127 North Central Ave
Phoenix, Arizona

Our charge for a Guarantee Title Policy is moderate; but the protection is absolute

Phoenix Title and Trust Co.

18 North First Avenue

"The Safe Way"

A PROFITABLE MEETING

"Did you have a profitable discussion at the literary club today?"
"Oh, very. Mrs. Wombat got confidential and told why her sister left her husband!"

KINGS IN EXILE

They can hardly act or sing.
No one wants one as a clerk.
It is tough to see a king
Out of work.

IN A WAY

"Are you acquainted with Mrs. Huffy, your fashionable neighbor?"
"Only in a roundabout way. Her cat borrows at my house."